

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Contra"

(feat. Killasha)

*[Killa Sha:]*

The invincible huh?  
Yeah, y'all be seeing it  
It is what it is indeed, Stoupie  
Y'all be knowing huh?  
Let 'em know

*[Vinnie Paz:]*

Hold the device tight, when it's time for a mic fight  
You're a pagan trying to battle someone who's Christ-like  
The precise knight that smash you with a white pike  
Left you bleeding into the ocean under the night's light  
Oh you hype right, well meet the soul-benders  
Cop that or get shot at like goaltenders  
You roll benches till playing fear was fair game  
Y'all got fucked up like sex on an airplane  
That's why we can't change, we just ill  
We blow trees, sip Ole E's and spit real  
The clip's filled with the wrath that Cain saw  
Then I slash with a leather mask and chainsaw  
That's why the brain's raw, that's why your veins pour  
That's why you copped my shit nine times at the same store  
That's why you entered the dragon and got slashed  
And that's why the Hologram counting up cash  
What!

Looking for rappers who wanna battle  
Don't seem to understand that I'm just that bad  
The underground rapper who be wrecking  
Whatever ya want yo, whatever ya like

*[Killa Sha:]*

Holocaust rap, javelin toss, the Sha's the boss  
I take what's yours, pour poison in your pores  
I'm down for the cause my nigga, not because  
My soul wasn't made to be lost, stop for the pause  
I play forty-eight minutes hard, without the calls  
Slicing elbows through ya jaw, need I say more?  
Fascinated with four-fours and foul whores  
Large gram cook-ups and the ill drug scores  
My captivating verses, that'll open all doors  
I soar like a condor ready for war, fuck the law!

Listen to the emptiness  
Of the raindrops on the ground

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Whatever ya want yo, whatever ya like

*[Jus Allah:]*

Ominous, leave your brain matter painted on your Stainmaster  
Game of Death motherfucker, we draft ya, semi-autograph ya  
Keeping L's lit, sending pellets through helmets  
Shells hit, you and the fag you share a cell with  
Taking niggas out their element, rhyme fighters  
Divine writers, time travelers, Sliders  
Pale niggas act jail lifers  
True tale is that they nail-biters with the trails in they diapers  
Shoes never walk nor land, explore land  
I expose my scrolls and code it in Fortran  
Bullets graze your wig kid, brushes with death  
I let the iron clutch grip the bones in ya flesh  
Playing on ya wrist like strings on a violin  
Dying in a blood pool, wrestling Leviathan  
Fucking with gods, Jedi Mind Tricks  
Y'all suckers, like niggas born without dicks